

NURSE HELPS YOUNG GIRLS

She Knew From Experience Just What Was Needed. Describes One Remarkable Case.

Watonga, Okla.—Mrs. Ida Bollinger of this town, makes the following interesting statement for publication: "I suffered for 20 years, with womanly troubles, and in this time, tried several different treatments, but got no better."

I finally got hold of a Ladies' Birthday Almanac, and read about Cardui, the woman's tonic.

I had not taken very much of it, before I was entirely well.

I do some nursing, and have given Cardui, the woman's tonic, to lots of women, with good results.

I use this medicine a great deal in treating young girls. A young girl came to my house one day last summer. She had taken cold at the wrong time, and was in a terrible condition. I went to the drugstore, bought her a bottle of Cardui, and the third dose she took did the work.

She is now entirely well.

You may use my name in any way you desire, as I am anxious to do anything I can to help suffering women."

For more than 50 years, Cardui has been in widely extended use, by women of all ages, and has given perfect satisfaction, as a remedy for helping rebuild womanly strength and health. Try Cardui yourself. It will help you. Your druggist sells it.

N. B.—Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for special instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. Adv.

Quite Apparent.

"Do theoretical angels have wings?" "Certainly. That is how their money flies."

For SUMMER HEADACHES

HICKS' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish conditions, etc. 10c, 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

A soft answer may not turn away wrath, but it saves a lot of useless talk.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The busier a man is the less time he has to complain of overwork.

Does Backache Worry You?

Many who suffer with backache and weak kidneys are unnaturally irritable and fretful. Bad kidneys fail to eliminate all the uric acid from the system, keeping you "on edge" and causing rheumatic, neuralgia pains.

When your back aches, and you notice signs of bladder irregularities, suspect your kidneys and begin using Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended special kidney remedy.

A Tennessee Case
Mrs. Bayless Marshall, Fayetteville, Tenn., says: "I was treated by the best physicians in this state, but nothing helped me. I steadily ran down until I weighed but 86 pounds. My back ached terribly, and my secretions were irregular and I was unable to do my work. I had used many pills, however, and when I had used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was entirely cured. I now weigh 135 pounds and enjoy the best of health."



"Every Picture Tells a Story."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

RESINOL HEALS ITCHING SKINS

And Clears Unsightly Complexions.

Resinol Ointment, with Resinol Soap, stops itching instantly, quickly and easily heals the most distressing cases of eczema, rash, ringworm, tetter or other tormenting skin or scalp eruptions, and clears away pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, and dandruff, when other treatments have proven only a waste of time and money.

But we do not ask you to accept our unsupported word for it. You can send today for a generous trial of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and test them to your own complete satisfaction, at no cost whatever, while thousands who have been cured say, "What Resinol did for us it will do for you." Physicians have prescribed Resinol for eighteen years and every druggist in the country sells Resinol Soap (25 cts.) and Resinol Ointment (in opal jars, 50 cts. and \$1). For free samples of each, with full directions for use, write to Dept. 9-K, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Agents, be on top. Work a couple of hours a day. Specialty that sells on sight. A necessity. Free sample. Write SUTHERLAND SPECIALTY CO., Box 34, Scranton, Pa.

CONDEMNED BY PUBLIC OPINION

Woman Once Accused of Crime Is Shunned by Her Neighbors.

LIZZIE BORDEN'S LONELY LIFE

Twenty Years Ago She Was Charged With the Murder of Her Parents, and Although Acquitted She Seems Compelled to Live Alone, Except for the Companionship of Her Servants.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—Twenty years ago Lizzie Borden, accused of the murder of her father and her stepmother, stood up in the court room at New Bedford and heard a jury of her peers pronounce the verdict of acquittal—heard them do so to all the world that she was "not guilty" of two of the most brutal and atrocious murders that ever shocked the country.

Today that same Lizzie Borden lives a recluse, as damned by public opinion and as ostracized by former friends and enemies alike as if that same jury had pronounced the one word "Guilty."

Lizzie Borden still lives in Fall River, but as far as Fall River is concerned, Lizzie Borden is an outcast, an Ishmael, a social pariah. Her name is uttered with contempt, and ever her friends and relatives who comforted her during the months of her imprisonment and throughout the ordeal of her trial have long since ceased their visits. Today her nearest neighbors pass her by without a nod or sign of recognition, writes Gertrude Stevenson in the Boston Herald.

Twelve jurymen found Lizzie Borden guiltyless. Nevertheless, she has been punished and persecuted as no other innocent woman in history. She has lived to know the tragedy of a verdict of acquittal. She has come to realize that Andrew J. Jennings, her counsel and friend, was a true prophet when, in addressing Judge Blaisdell at her preliminary trial he declared:

"Don't, your honor, don't put the stigma of guilt upon this woman, reared as she has been and with a past character beyond reproach. Don't let it go into the world as the decision of a just judge that she is probably guilty."

Murder Still Unavenged.
After 20 years, when the deaths of Andrew J. Borden and his wife are still unavenged—when the double tragedy still heads the list of New England's unsolved murder mysteries—with Lizzie Borden banished from society, shunned by all who were once near and dear to her, the words of Andrew J. Jennings may well be remembered as an example of masterly and farsighted prophecy.

After 20 years, Lizzie Borden lives as shut off from the world as if she were behind prison bars—condemned to solitude by barriers stronger than any prison wall could be—less tangible but a hundred times more effective than any bars of iron—the silent, inexorable censure of her fellow men and women.

This woman, who for two decades has maintained the silence of a Sphinx, who has never asked for mercy, never pleaded to be understood, never by any word or sign expressed indignation at the treatment accorded her by the people of Fall River, lives in the great silent home she purchased with her share of her murdered father's half million, knowing no human companionship save that which she can hire—no friendships except those of occasional strangers who turn a cold shoulder upon her advances when they find that she is the Lizzie Borden once tried for murder—no affection save that of the dumb beasts with which she has surrounded herself now that human attachments are denied her.

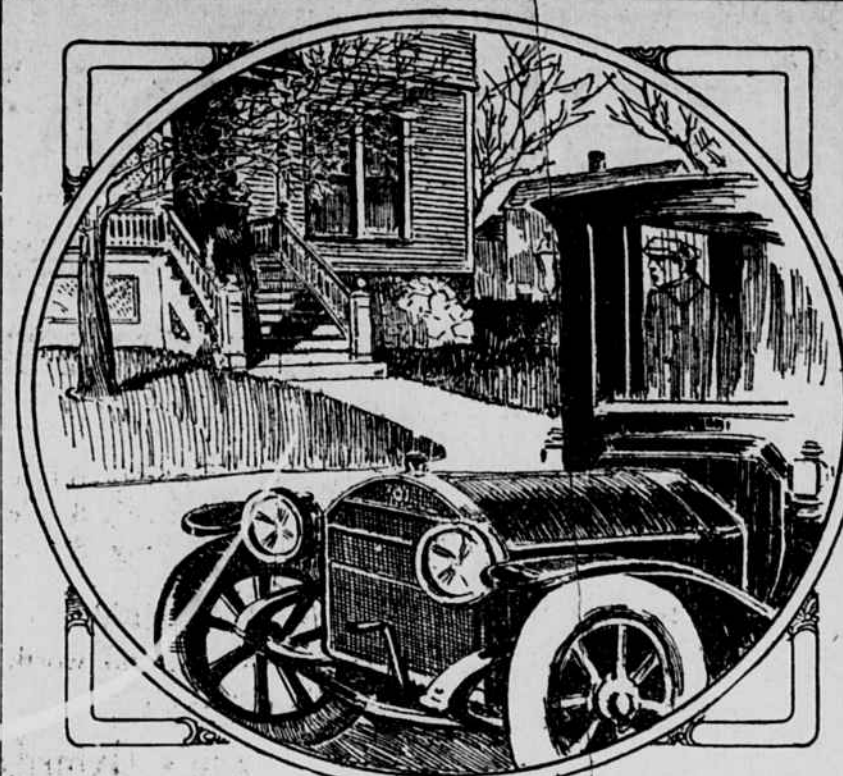
When Lizzie Borden was acquitted it was commonly believed that she would soon shake the dust of Fall River from her feet, and that under an assumed name she would try to live down the accusation that had been made against her—that in new places and among new people she would attempt to find new interests and new pleasures.

Bought House in Home City.

But Lizzie Borden apparently never contemplated such a procedure. As soon as the affairs of her father's estate were adjusted, she proceeded to purchase a handsome mansion in the exclusive "hill section" of Fall River—the very neighborhood she had long and futilely tried to induce her father to enter.

To all intents and purposes the woman planned to live among her friends and acquaintances, just as she had always lived, continuing to attend the same fashionable Congregational church, entertaining and being entertained, only now she had the added advantage of several hundred thousands of dollars in her own right. She had her horses and carriages, the beautiful clothes she had always longed for and which the thrift of her father and his second wife had previously denied her. Apparently, aside from the shadow of the tragic deaths of her father and stepmother over her life, everything that heart or mind could desire was Lizzie Borden's.

It was while reveling in the luxury



Porth of Lizzie Borden's House, and Her Auto.

and power that the possession of a large amount of money cannot fail to give Lizzie Borden read the writing on the wall. It was then she first began to feel the pressure of public opinion—that she first realized that former cordial greetings were growing colder and more cold—that friends who once would stop for a chat or drop in for an informal visit passed her by with scant nods and averted eyes—that she came to understand the tremendous force of unexpressed criticism—that the conviction came home to her than which no earthly situation is more crushing or more annihilating—that she was being shunned by every human being, with an occasional rare exception, who had formerly made up her life and happiness. It was all the more terrifying because it was so indefinable. There was no tangible finger of scorn—no open declaration of hostility—just that insistent, maddening, universal aloofness.

Never Wore Mourning.

She was criticized because she did not wear mourning for her parents. Her every going in and coming out was discussed, and all manner and kind of construction placed upon every ordinary, unimportant detail of her mode of living and acting. Some thought she drove her horses too rapidly and recklessly down the main street. Some averred that she had never shown the proper grief over her father's death. Others insisted that she was making altogether too sudden and too blatant display of the money that had come to her with the murder of her father. She could do nothing right. If she tried to be happy and forget the awful shadow that had come into her life her critics called her heartless. If she appeared on the streets in a sober, subdued frame of mind there were all sorts of gossipings and predictions and clackings of tongues—such an attitude could mean but one thing to their minds!

So the years went on, one after another of her friends dropping away from her, until today Lizzie Borden, looking for all the world like any other stout, matronly woman you might meet on the street, is without a doubt the most isolated free woman in New England.

Seems Without Emotion.

She is today just what she was described as being when she faced trial for her life twenty years ago—a stolid, immobile, unemotional appearing woman—her large, strong features expressing the same determination that characterized her when she faced her accusers on the charge of parricide. If this woman has ever had an emotion it can honestly be said that she has invariably succeeded in concealing it from any human eye.

She goes about today just as she went her way, firm-mouthed, direct-eyed and baffling of understanding during the days following the discovery of the mutilated bodies of her father and her stepmother, during the inquest that resulted in her arrest, day after day during the preliminary trial, at the end of which Judge Blaisdell found her probably guilty—throughout the grand jury hearing when twenty out of twenty-one grand jurymen voted to indict her—all during the eight months of her confinement in Taunton jail while she waited the sitting of the superior court and during the long hours of her thirteen days' trial by jury which ended in her acquittal and release.

Months Without a Visitor.

Not in fifteen years has Lizzie Borden attended the church where up to her thirty-third year she was a leader—working for charity—presiding at meetings of the Christian Endeavor, singing in the choir—active in all church socials and gatherings. Not in years has she entered any store or shop in the city where she was born and spent her girlhood and young womanhood as the younger daughter of one of the city's richest and most respected business men. Not to the knowledge of anyone has she engaged in any charity for the past ten years.

Months pass by without a human foot crossing her threshold other than those of morials and tradespeople. A visitor at the Borden door is such a rare and curious sight as to occasion comment throughout the neighborhood.

Not only the house of tragedy on Second street, where she was born and brought up and which is still in her possession, but also her present

beautiful residence high on the hill overlooking the business section of Fall River, is the mecca of innumerable curious sightseers year after year. Apparently the interest in the Borden murders and the personality of the daughter upon whose shoulders guilt first fell never abated. A round dozen prominent Fall River people tell me that, no matter where they go, the minute they mention that their home town is Fall River, they are greeted with but one inevitable question:

"Whatever became of Lizzie Borden?"

Put Lizzie Borden First.

Fall River is noted for its mills—its industries—its prominent people; but they rank second in interest and importance to the question:

"What about Lizzie Borden?"

Lizzie Borden comes and goes about the city and in and out of it, unquestioning and unquestioned. A few years ago she discarded her carriage and handsome pair for the finest limousine that money could buy. Secure from observation in its richly upholstered interior, she drives about the city at dusk or goes to and from the trains and takes trips around the surrounding country. All her shopping is done out of town. She is a frequent visitor in Boston, where she makes her home at the Bellevue, registering as "Lisbeth Borden," although her story is well known to the hotel attaches.

Crimes Never Forgotten.

The real attitude of Fall River toward Lizzie Borden is perhaps best reflected in its newspapers. Every year, on the anniversary of the crimes, the Fall River Globe prints a vigorous article in regard to the murders, the perpetrator and the fact that the crimes remain an unavenged blot on the community. The articles are pointed so strongly and so openly at one and only one person as to invite suits for criminal libel, but if the woman ever sees them or hears of them, she has made no sign.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE

Initiative a Thing Which Many People Seek Most Earnestly to Be Relieved Of.

In some quarters there is a penalty put upon initiative. Society frowns upon those who rebuke its practices. It does not care to be rebuked. It wants no John the Baptist, with his locusts and wild honey and terrifying message. It wants a Petronius, a Beau Brummel, to regulate its entertainments and set a style in dress.

The devotee of fashion is generally content to drift with the tide. He or she accepts opinions and ideas—as they would not accept their clothing—ready-made. The notable, the protestant, is banned, ostracized. You must do as the others do in modern Rome and Babylon. No wonder the seer of Concord asks indignantly: "But is science and the heart always to be merely endured and tolerated, and never to walk to the quarter-deck and take the command?" Why, when music is heard, or a picture exhibited—or even when horses are put through their paces—are the clothes some woman wears the matter of paramount interest? Just so long as the habiliments is more than the wearer, and what is put on the head is more than what is put into it, we shall have "science and the heart" apparently (though never really) subservient to the foolishness of Vanity Fair.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Promises Easily Remembered.

One of the managers of the Frohman forces met an old Kansas City friend recently in New York, and each being pleasantly surprised to see the other, they decided to talk over old times at a convenient bar. During the course of the conversation the manager volunteered to send two complimentary tickets to the hotel to the friend's wife and sister to attend a matinee the following afternoon.

As they parted the friend admonished him not to forget to leave the tickets as he had promised, and added that he would better tie a string around his finger to remind him.

The manager laughed and voiced his thought.

"Oh," he said, "I never have to tie a string around my finger to remember things for other men's wives."

BRONX GOAT BA-A-ED WAY INTO SUBWAY

Also Got Mixed Up With a Policeman and Was Finally Locked Up.

New York.—This goat must have heard of the early shopping movement. He lives in the Bronx and started downtown at four o'clock the other morning. He was the regulation "billy ba-a-a-h" with the horns of plenty and the whiskers of Kris Kringle. He "piped" the big windows, browsed on the cans and butted small dogs till he reached the subway entrance at One Hundred and Forty-ninth street. Into the subway he tumbled at Patrolman Heitner of the Tremont avenue station espied him.

The policeman gave a yell and dived after the bleating goat. Bill beat him to the foot of the stairs, landing there



Ran under the Table and Hoisted It.

In a heap. John Murphy, the ticket taker, said shoe to him, but the goat got by him and was about to plunge in front of local train when Murphy grabbed him. Heitner tried to lead the goat out of the subway, but found he had to push him. Billy was playful when the surface was reached and tried to butt the policeman of the curb. There was not a chance to lead him back so Heitner sent in a call for the patrol wagon.

Arriving at the Tremont station Billy ba-a-ed at Lieutenant Curtin. Curtin made for the intruder with gun and blackjack and Billy beat it into the reserve room, where Policeman Matt Jones, Con Brown and Joe Pickett were having a wee bit. The goat ran under the table and hoisted it, throwing hot coffee over Pickett and spreading apple pie over the other two. The goat being a prisoner they couldn't assault him so they had to grin and bear it until Heitner finally led him to the stable.

HOG AND WEASEL FRIENDS

Little Animal Kills Farmer's Chickens for Big "Affinity"—Also Scratches Pig's Back.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—John W. Probst, justice of the peace, discovered a queer animal friendship between a large Chester White hog and a big weasel. They had been feasting on chickens for several days from Probst's poultry yard. Probst had missed about fifty of his choice chickens, and after a vigilant watch he discovered the hog catching the chickens and saw the weasel come through a hole under the barn floor. The little animal would cut the throats of the chickens and suck the blood after which the hog would devour the body and then hide the feathers in the mud in the hog pen. After eating three chickens the hog lay down in the sun and the weasel got busy and began scratching the back of the hog, much to the delight of both animals. Armed with a pitchfork Probst killed the weasel, but was attacked by the hog and knocked down. After a hard fight Probst escaped from the pen. After the death of the weasel the hog refused to eat and continued to grunt and squeal day and night until Probst had to sell it to a butcher. Probst sold the hog for \$18 and the weasel for \$2. He valued the chickens these "affinities" destroyed at \$50.

Smoke Million Cigars Daily.

Chicago.—Chicagoans smoke 1,000,000 cigars a day, which is equal to one and one-third cigars a day for each adult male in the city, and exceeds the number smoked in any other city in the Union. Chicagoans spend more than \$25,000,000 annually for cigars. Chicago tobaccoists have \$10,000,000 invested in the industry. These figures were obtained by investigators of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

No Women Prisoners.

Milwaukee.—Because, for the first time in many years, there were no women prisoners, Sheriff McGehee had to hire an assistant cook to work in the jail kitchen.

Broom for Lion.

Chicago.—Hot irons and a revolver having had no effect, "Mme." Marguerita, a lion tamer, subdued an angry lion with woman's own weapon—a broom.

To Cleanse and Heal Deep Cuts

Money Back If It Fails

Have it on hand

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.

Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00

All Dealers G. C. Hanford & Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Uncle Josh's Joke.

"Geel!" said old Uncle Josh, as the wall from the parlor waxed louder and more piercing. "I wish that infernal practising on her singing for a leetle. She hez a voice like a fish."

"Like a fish?" demanded Mrs. Josh, scornfully.

"Ya-as," said Uncle Josh. "Mostly scales an' flatter'n' hokey."—Harper's Weekly.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. The Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes for tired, aching feet. It takes the sting out of corns and bunions and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. 25c. Refuse substitutes. For FREE trial package, address A. C. Allen, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

The Cause.

"George is raising a mutton-chop whiskers." "That accounts for his sheepish expression."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's a liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

Fitting Fate.

"They are going to muzzle the pro trading latpin now." "I'm glad it's stuck."

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APPE-

TITE. The Old Standard and strengthening tonic, GROVES' FASTNESS chili TONIC drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50 cents.

And some men talk to themselves because they like an appreciative audience.

TO WOMEN

THOSE HEADACHES

If accompanied with backache, dragging-down pain, do not have to be. Nature never intended that women should suffer in this manner.

Dr. Pierce's FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

For forty years has proved wonderfully efficient as a remedy for women's peculiar weaknesses and derangements.

Your Druggist has it in Stock

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

Do you realize the fact that thousands of women are now using

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder

As a remedy for mucous membrane affections, such as sore throat, nasal or pelvic catarrh, inflammation or ulceration, caused by female ills? Women who have been cured say "it is worth its weight in gold." Dissolve in water and apply locally. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women.

For all hygienic and toilet uses it has no equal. Only 50c a large box at Druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.



TAKE THE ACHE OUT OF HEADACHE

HEADACHE TABLETS

are compounded from a physician's formula and give quick relief in all cases of headache. Box containing 12 doses 10c. of dealers or direct from RYDALE REMEDY CO., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Quickly relieves eye irritation caused by dust, sun or wind. Booklet free. JOHN A. THOMPSON, 308 N. 3rd St., Chicago, N.Y.

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and High Grade Film. Attention. Prices reasonable. Service prompt. Send for Price List. LANSBURY & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.